

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E. C.

BRAMWELL BOOTH, General
WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS:
317-319 CARLTON STREET, WINNIPEG.

VOL. IV. No. 27. Price 5c.

WINNIPEG, JULY 7, 1923

HENRY C. HODDER, Commissioner.

*Only when
equipped with
the whole
armour of God
are Crusaders
fit for battle
against Sin*





SHOT AND SHELL

Gathered From Life's Battlefield

A Factor in Self-Respect

YOU cannot keep your self-respect and be useless. Unless you are doing your share of the world's work in one way or another you cannot feel that you have a right to the air you breathe or to the sunshine that falls across your path. Honest work of some sort is one of the things indispensable to self-respecting manhood and womanhood.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in wars, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs.

It comes in the news from Washington that a man bought two auto-

than is necessary." It is the secret of success in every business of life, from the first to the last. Take it in school for instance. One pupil may prepare his lessons perfectly, as far as the limits of the text may require; another studying with broader purposes does not stop with the limits of the appointed lessons, but seeks everywhere for deeper knowledge of the subject itself. Is there any question which will rank higher in the end?

A young clerk in a store may be accurate, faithful, honest and industrious—and stay there; another clerk may add to these qualifications for his work a personal interest in his customers which makes him remember their peculiar likes and dislikes

D-I-G N-I-T-Y—DIGNITY

DI-G is the beginning of dignity. Leave out the D-I-G and you will have N-T-Y left.

You cannot inherit dignity; you cannot buy it; you cannot marry it; you must D-I-G for real dignity.

Dignity is not confined to palaces, nor to titles, nor to thrones, nor to social rank.

You can acquire real dignity and enjoy it in the kitchen, in the workshop, in calico, in drilling or in patched clothing.

You can acquire dignity in a subordinate, as a servant, and as an employee. You can take orders as dignified as you can give orders.

Dignity is a beauty of character which must be acquired. You cannot be born to it; it cannot be thrust upon you; you must achieve it within your self.

James the First said, "I can create a lord, but only the Almighty can make a gentleman."

The voting commonwealth can put you into honor, but only God and yourself can put honor into you.

The law of God and the law of the Universe call for honest, honorable, dignified toil from every normal being, and no normal, honest, honorable, dignified human being can be such without toil. There is no short cut, no lucky strike, no plundering the treasure house of manhood and womanhood and carrying off a boodle of dignity.

As the tiny coral polyp builds from the bottom of the sea the great archipelago, so we build our manhood and womanhood bit by bit, thought by thought, motive by motive, impulse by impulse, one decision at a time, one little addition at a time, until the coral of our character is complete.

A GOOD LISTENER

A sure path to popularity is to cultivate the art of listening. We may not be bright beyond measure, and may have no startling remarks to make; but if we can listen well to other people, every conversation will make us a friend. Good advice to any one hoping to become a good writer is: "Study to know what to leave in the ink bottle," and this idea also applies to that little member of which Solomon said, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue."

ETERNITY IS BEGINNING

Count the gold and silver blossoms
Spring has scattered o'er the leas;
Count the softly sounding ripples
Sparkling on the summer sea;

Count the lightly flicking shadows
In the autumn forest glade,
Count pale nature's scattered tear-drops

Ice gems by winter made;
Count the tiny blades that glisten
Early in the morning dew;

Count the desert sand that stretches
Under noontide's dome of blue;
Count the notes that wood-birds warble

In the evening's fading light;
Count the stars that gleam and twinkle
O'er the firmament by night.

When the counting all is done—
Scarce eternity's begun;
Reader! pause! where wilt thou be—
During thine eternity?

By J. B. Nelson.

BEATEN—TO FIGHT AGAIN

Here's to the men who lose!

If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then:

The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
Can come and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!

The touchstone of true worth is not success.

There is a higher test—

Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press,
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!

It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,

And this is the toast I choose:

"A hard-fought-failure is a noble thing;
Here's to the men who lose!"

BIBLE DIRECTIONS FOR SPIRITUAL FISHERMEN

"Thrust out a little from the land."
"Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught."

As in the natural world, so in the spiritual—hugging the shore is highly dangerous, as well as unprofitable. "Launch out!" You don't get waves of power, you don't get big rolling waves of joy when you thrust out "a little"—no, this is reserved for those who are not afraid to launch out!

We have far too many paddling Christians. Some fishers are awfully timid—they select a quiet-looking stream, with safe exits, etc. Ask them to join you in deep-sea fishing, and it's surprising what a hold Mother Earth has on them!

Some Christian fishermen are just as timid—they have no courage to tackle deep-sea fishing.

Launch out and have full nets for the glory and satisfaction of God.

BULLETS

Make sure you are right with God in the morning, and the rest of the day will be blessed.

If you greatly dislike some one, all the more you are under bond to be fair to his character and work.

Difficulties are things that show what men are.

Good intentions unused very quickly lose their strength.

True religion consists in God's will and man's will being in unison.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

When God finds a tool ready for His purpose, He employs that tool in His work.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice.

To see Christ is bliss, to know Him, life, to love Him, happiness; to possess Him, Heaven.

HAPPINESS

WHAT constitutes your highest happiness, how much of your highest happiness comes to you from things that are real and how much from things that are not real?

Does your happiness come to you by the flesh or by the spirit, does your happiness depend on circumstances, conditions, environment and on others around you?

How much of your happiness do you brew, distill and create within your own heart?

The happiness that comes by the flesh is produced and consumed very much on the principle of a stock company, you pay for a lot of stock and get a very little grain of happiness. The happiness of this world has been worked over so much that there is nothing left of it but a few by-products of the flesh.

The happiness of this world depends on so many contingencies that the blanks far outnumber the lucky cards.

The happiness of this world is so adulterated and unreal that the more you have of it the more miserable you are.

Charles Baxter says—"Outward things do not impart anything to you, they only draw out what is in you."

Jesus says—"Out of the heart are the issues of life."

Jesus said—"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

True happiness does not come by the flesh, but by the spirit, it is not contingent upon outward conditions, it may be had in the midst of poverty, in adversity, in persecution, in distress and in the hour of death.

mobiles on a salary of fifteen dollars a week. We couldn't figure it out, but the butcher and grocer told us that there wasn't a reason on earth why he shouldn't do it.

A certain business firm has upon its seal the motto: "A little better

and makes his serving them almost a matter of personal friendliness. Is there any question which will win the better trade?

The shortest road to popularity is to see the really good points of our friends and mention them.

THE HOLY LIFE

A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or addresses; little deeds, not miracles or battles, not one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom make up the Christian life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions, and imprudences; little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh, the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least the negative beauty of a holy life.

∴ AT HOME WITH JESUS ∴

Father, I will that that I love,
Be with me up in Heaven:
That they the Glory may behold,
Which Thou to me hast given.

Thus prayed the Saviour for His own,
Those who on earth He'd loved:
That they might faithful he down here,
Then dwell with Him above.

At home with Jesus! wondrous thought;
With Him for evermore!
To walk and talk, His own blood-bought,
On Heaven's peaceful shore.

It compensates for every pain,
To know we shall be there,
With Jesus everything is gain,
No sorrow, doubt, or fear.

Beautiful home, where all is bright,
Hosannas we will sing,
Beautiful land, where is no night,
Hosanna to our King!

(Verses composed by Mrs. Adjutant Hood (Ma Alin) after reading John xvii. 20-24, just a few weeks before she was taken to Heaven, from Burma.)



THE last days have come, and oh! how grateful we are to God for His manifold mercies and blessings. During the past months of training He has been with us in power, granting to us the blessing of health, of peace, and of a good conscience. Truly we can exclaim with the Psalmist, "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth."

Our last Sunday was spent with the Commissioner who conducted our Final Spiritual Day. The Commissioner was ably assisted by Mrs. Hodder, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Morris, also many of the Headquarters Staff. It was a day full of inspiration, of heart searching and of consecration. Truly the Commissioner was empowered and undisturbed by the Holy Spirit, and as he unfolded to us the glorious gospel of the Kingdom of God "our hearts burned within us." Like Jephthah of old we have opened our mouth unto the Lord and we cannot go back. God grant we may ever prove faithful to God and our Leaders.

Monday found us busy with the final packing. Lassies and Lads hurrying to and fro with indescribable and incongruous armfuls of clothing, hats, books and the hundred and one miscellaneous articles which go to make up our wardrobe! But all that is done. Hallelujah! There is only the lid to seal down, the labels to stick on, and away we go, out to the front-line of the great Battlefield. Goodbye to the Principal, Goodbye to the Staff, a few tears, and then a hurried exit from the Home we have learned to love, and from the Officers who have so kindly and faithfully trained us. God bless them every one.

We were pleased to have our Comrade Cadets with us for the final rehearsals from the Grace Hospital and Cadet Moore from the Kildonan Home. This must have meant extra planning and scheming on the part of the Matrons, but it was good to see them again. What pictures we could paint if we could only portray a little of those last rehearsals for the Great Day—our Commissioning! "Mark time, left, right, left, right," to the sometimes impromptu accompaniment of the College drum! Cadets marching up and down the Lecture Hall in order to get the right step, proper salute, etc., etc., when marching past the Commissioner! Fortunately the Principal has a quick sense of humor, which made the undertaking a little less painful than it might have been!

And now "Collegegrams" have come also to the "finale." We pray that God will bless all those who have at any time found interest in our doings. Are there any young folks among us who are free to our places? If so, let God have His way with you: there is a life of blessing and of wonderful service ahead for you. The Master says "Take up thy cross and follow me." May the blessing of the Prince God ever be with you. Amen. We go forth to fight the battles of the Lord—pray for us.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL NOTES

AN interesting afternoon was spent with the patients of the King Edward Hospital, Winnipeg, by the League of Mercy members on July 15th. Sergeant-Major McKenzie, in her usual thoughtfulness for the sick, arranged that the patients should be visited and an impromptu program be given, the chief participants being Captains Hodder and Houghton. How greatly the patients enjoyed the singing! Following the music, ice cream and cake were passed around generously and our League of Mercy comrades left feeling they had left behind blessing and sunshine.

The Brandon Children's Home has recently held a tea for the lawns very successful Social. Friends of the Home carried the effort through and over \$100.00 was raised.



OFFICIAL GAZETTE

Promotions and Appointments

PROMOTIONS

To Be Captains:

Pro-Capt. Eva Leadbetter, Editorial Dept.

Pro-Capt. L. Cookshaw, High River.

Pro-Capt. Eva McKay, Juneau, Alaska

Lieut. Jessie Chalk

Lieut. Allen McInnes

Lieut. Stanley Bowles

Sergeant James Sutherland

To Be Lieutenants:

Pro-Lieut. Evelyn Gray, Shaunavon.

Pro-Lieut. Grace Jones, Vegreville.

Pro-Lieut. Esther Kerr, Field Dept.

Pro-Lieut. Gladys Jennings, Grace Hospital.

Pro-Lieut. Blanche Marshall, Cranbrook, B.C.

Pro-Lieut. Eva Parker, Grace Hospital

Pro-Lieut. Stanley Bowles, Peace River.

Pro-Lieut. John Craft, Coleman.

Pro-Lieut. W. McGillivray, Edson.

Pro-Lieut. R. Patterson, Calgary III.

Pro-Lieut. J. Richards, Rossland, B.C.

To Be Pro-Captains:

Cadet & Mrs. H. Bowles

Cadet & Mrs. J. G. Vowles

To Be Lieutenants:

Cadet Ethel Allen

Cadet Pearl Coombs

Cadet Ruth Crego

Cadet Emma Dowkes

Cadet Marjorie Finnie

Cadet Alice Kenny

Cadet Catherine Law

Cadet Nellie Lear

Cadet Ethel Langford

Cadet Molly Moore

Cadet Theresa McPeake

Cadet Beatrice Newbury

Cadet Marion Neill

Cadet Iolo Partridge

Cadet Alice Parnell

Cadet Lottie Renas

Cadet Edna Shortland

Cadet Adeline Quayle

Cadet Mildred Weeks

Cadet Agnes Walker

Cadet Albert Walker

Cadet Isabel Walker

Cadet Percy Alder

Cadet Stanley Calder

Cadet Clyde Coxson

Cadet Louis Dove

Cadet Charles Edwards

Cadet Albert Gordon

Cadet William Hogarth

Cadet Percy Harbord

Cadet Wesley Hranic

Cadet Magnus Johnsrud

Cadet George Locke

Cadet William Leighton

Cadet John Morrison

Cadet Manuel Milley

Cadet James Neill

Cadet Hector Nyerred

Cadet William O'Donnell

Cadet Roy Place

Cadet William Sullivan

Cadet James Stobart

Cadet Eldin Tobin

Cadet Wilkie Wiseman

Cadet Alex Parkinson

APPOINTMENTS

Ensign and Mrs. Cooper, Winnipeg III.

Ensign and Mrs. F. Merrett, to Dauphin, Manitoba.

Capt. A. Stocks, Ft. William to Kenora.

Ensign M. Freeman, Weyburn to Virden.

Capt. E. Payne, to Swan River.

Capt. Chas. Sowton, Medicine Hat to Regina I.

Ensign R. Sampson, Swan River to Shaunavon.

Lieut. E. Grey, Swan River to Shaunavon.

Capt. E. Peake, Biggar to Kerrobert.

Lieut. E. Yariett, Biggar to Kerrobert.

Capt. L. Hardy, Kamack to Biggar.

Pro-Lieut. E. Pulver, Kamack to Biggar.

Pro-Lieut. I. McDowell, Kerrobert to Kamack.

Ensign R. Fletcher, Kenora to Humboldt.

Capt. S. Joyce, Rossland to Yorkton.

Lieut. E. Coles, Regina II to Yorkton.

Adjutant Hardy, to Calgary III.

Lieut. Patterson, High River to Calgary III.

Ensign E. Stride, Calgary III to Drumheller.

Capt. N. Dabbs, Lacombe to Hanna.

Capt. W. Yariett, Taber to McLeod.

Ensign E. Day, Virden to Medicine Hat.

Pro-Lieut. M. Haslam, Winnipeg III to Medicine Hat.

Capt. M. Christie, McLeod to Taber.

Lieut. Roskelly, Drumheller to Taber.

Capt. M. Biggs, Grande Prairie to Camrose.

Pro-Lieut. Boyes, Red Deer to Camrose, Alberta.

Pro-Capt. W. Stevenson, Lloydminster to Grande Prairie.

Pro-Capt. A. Gardner, Wainwright to Innisfail.

Pro-Lieut. C. Rydberg, to Innisfail.

Capt. A. McInnes, Medicine Hat to Lloydminster.

Capt. E. Pirie, to Red Deer.

Lieut. E. Croghan, Innisfail to Red Deer.

Capt. Bowles, Grande Prairie to Peace River.

Capt. and Mrs. J. Walker, Hanna to Stettler.

Capt. J. Mairs, Weyburn to Vegreville, Alberta.

Pro-Lieut. G. Jones, Rainy River to Vegreville, Alberta.

Capt. F. Dorin, Red Deer to Edson.

Lieut. W. McGillivray, to Edson, Alberta.

Adjutant L. Lawson, Nanaimo to Cranbrook.

Lieut. B. Marshall, Fernie to Cranbrook.

Ensign E. Laycock, Kelowna to Fernie.

Capt. E. Haynes, Kelowna to Fernie.

Capt. E. Stunell, North Vancouver to Kamloops.

Lieut. Tisdale, Virden to Kamloops.

Capt. L. Ede, Penticton to Kelowna.

Capt. S. Sheppard, Ketchikan to Vancouver III.

Lieut. E. Garnett, Nanaimo to Vancouver III.

Ensign M. Hanson, Fernie to Penticton.

Lieut. A. Williamson, North Vancouver to Penticton.

Capt. J. Sutherland, Training Staff to Rossland.

Capt. H. Newman, Training Staff to Wainwright.

Lieut. J. Richards, Nelson to Rossland.

Capt. E. Tigerstedt, Cranbrook to North Vancouver.

Capt. A. Sheriff, Cranbrook to North Vancouver.

Capt. J. Chalk, Humboldt to Anyox, B.C.

Capt. E. McKay, Anyox to Juneau, Alaska.

Capt. F. Garnett, Juneau to Prince George.

Lieut. A. Fiddler, Juneau to Prince George.

Capt. V. Barker, Prince George to Ketchikan.

Lieut. E. Elliott, Prince George to Ketchikan.

(Continued on page 11)

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES

STAFF-CAPTAIN and Mrs. Bristow have received orders from the Commissioner to farewell from their command as Divisional Commanders for the Southern Alberta Division. They will be leaving for Canada East at the end of August, where the Staff-Captain will take up new responsibilities as Men's Side Officer at the Training Garrison, Toronto. We congratulate the Staff-Captain upon his appointment, and our best wishes will follow both Mrs. Bristow and himself.

We are pleased to announce the transfer of Major and Mrs. Byers to Canada West. They will succeed Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bristow in the command of the Southern Alberta Division with Headquarters at Calgary. These Officers are experienced, and well-known to many of our Comrades in Canada West, and we bid them a hearty welcome amongst us.

Last week we announced in the War Cry that Ensign and Mrs. Steele were being transferred to this Territory. We are now in a position to state that the Ensign's new appointment will be to the Canada West Training Garrison as Staff Officer. The Ensign has just relinquished a similar position in Toronto. We extend a very hearty welcome to them.

It is with regret that we have to announce the transfer to Canada East of Mrs. Brigadier Potter. Her recent work here has been at the Business Girls' Home in Winnipeg, and she will be long remembered for the devoted service rendered. We shall miss her genial countenance and her self-sacrificing toil.

Captain Frances Scott, transferred from Canada East, will succeed Mrs. Brigadier Potter in charge of our Business Girls' Home.

Captain Albert Ramsdale has been transferred from the Field to the Immigration Department; and Adjutant R. Clarke returns to the Subscribers' Department to take up work with which he is familiar. We regret that difficulty has made it necessary for the Adjutant to again relinquish Field Work.

A gentleman gave to the writer, this week, a Cadillac car which has been turned over to Grace Hospital to meet the pressing need of an ambulance to take patients to and from the Hospital. The name of the donor is Mr. Alloway, of Winnipeg.

Captain Kaighen and Lieutenant Macabee are being transferred from the Field to take up duties prior to training as Nurses at Grace Hospital. Lieutenant Leighton, who for the past year has been stationed at Anyox, B.C., is also being transferred to the Women's Social Work.

VANCOUVER I CORPS

Adjutant and Mrs. Merritt

A large company of people assembled on short notice at the No. 1 Citadel to give Commissioner and Mrs. Ede a welcome back to the city on the day when God saved on their way to Japan. The spontaneity of the welcome they received as they took their places on the platform showed that they had made many friends in Vancouver during their stay in Canada West.

Our District Commander, Brigadier Good, seemed to be in particularly happy mood as he presided over the Meeting. There were also on the platform other officers such as Brigadier Baugh and Staff-Captain Foster, who each in turn addressed the gathering, recalling the interesting incidents of the early day fighting when they had been associated with the Commissioner. All were pleased with the improvement in health of our former leaders.

The Commissioner delivered a vigorous and helpful address as also did Mrs. Ede. We all wish them good success in their new appointment and say "God bless them both."—G. A.



'THE FLAG THAT GUIDES POOR SINNERS ON THE WAY' UNDER ONE FLAG



ENGLAND

Through The War Cry

THE Young People's Councils recently held in Manchester, England, were attended by several overseas Officers, and very striking was the testimony of Ensign Cunningham from China. The Ensign said she was brought to The Army by reading the War Cry. Nine times she was refused for Officership, but the tenth time she was accepted. She has seen four thousand people converted in less than three years.

AFRICA

Meeting Under Large Tree

Adjutant Mlotshwa of the Komati Port Section, South Africa Native Force, sends the following account of his recent welcome to Crocodile Corps: "The Corps Hall being too small to accommodate the large crowd which had assembled to bid Mrs. Mlotshwa and myself welcome we adjourned to the open where the meeting was held under a large tree. The native Chief of the district sent his brother to represent him, and the following message was delivered:

"I, Chief Gendhahla, welcome you to this, my country and people. I wish you to win us to your Saviour. Being unable to come myself to welcome you I send my brother and people. We hope you will have good health and successful work. We are dark, but we thank The Salvation Army for coming among us. We shall help you in anything we can, and you will help us by the glorious light you bring us. We like The Salvation Army. You can work right through my country and no one will hinder you."

"The Chief's brother, speaking for himself, said: 'I am very pleased to receive the Adjutant and his wife. All my brother's people welcome you. We promise to do our best to help you; but you understand we are needy and unlearned. You will guide us; you must be father and mother to us.'

"Thirteen recruits were sworn in as Soldiers during the meeting and at the close fifteen people came forward for Salvation. It is inspiring to learn that this opening is the outcome of the devoted toil of a local Officer."

FRANCE

The largest Halls available have been taken by Lieut.-Commissioner Peyron in connection with his Salvation Campaigning at Lyons, France. The indefatigable Commissioner is announced to conduct three meetings a day for four weeks in succession.

INDIA

Epic Sacrifice of Native Officers

Into a village of Western India, where as yet there were no Christians, sorrow and sickness came. Cholera had stricken the people. They had no medicines and only such advice as the devil-whispering priests could give them. Panic followed plague. The dead lay unburied, the sick and dying uncared for. To whom could they turn for help? Someone had heard of The Salvation Army, and so it was decided to send a deputation to ask them to come.

The next day a group of weary, despairing villagers appeared before the war leader of The Salvation Army of that district. As they told their

story it was heard by two Tamil Officers, man and wife, who pleaded that they might be allowed to go back to the cholera-ravaged village. The Major warned them of the danger, but they remained firm in their purpose and in a little time they went away. The dead bodies were disposed of, the Captain's wife carried hope and comfort to the sick, under the trees daily meetings were held when the story of the love and power of God was told, and the people became hopeful in the consciousness that they had someone on whom they could lean. It was not long, however, before a messenger arrived at the Head-

quarters saying, "Come quickly, The Salvation Army man is sick." Hurdled the Major and one or two others went, but it was too late; already the grave was being dug. "It was quick, Major, and peaceful," said the widow of an hour, with a strange light in her eyes. "He did not suffer much. We came for life or death and God has chosen that it should be death."

The burial was soon over, then the Major said, "You must come back with us now, I cannot allow you to remain, the risk is too great."

But the widow only shook her head and clasping her hands said, "If I leave them now, all my husband's work is undone. Let me stay, and her tears fell thick and fast. Still the Major hesitated. "One week," she pleaded, "only one week; then if there

be no more deaths I will return." The week was granted her, but twice only had the sun risen and set when the brave little woman had to be carried back to Headquarters, and soon she had gone to be with her Lord.

They both died, but oh, the glory of it all! In that village the people turned to Christ, the idols were smashed, a Hall was built and quite half the villagers became earnest Salvationists.

Major Sena Putra of India writes of the following interesting incident which took place during one of his visits to the Etamulda Corps:

"This Corps is one of the best cen-

FINLAND

In a successful Young People's Campaign recently conducted in the Finnish Territory, 644 meetings were held and attended by 29,278 young people. Six hundred and ninety-six surrenders were reported and 240 Junior Soldiers were enrolled.

CHINA

"In connection with the Peking Suburb Corps, where Captain and Mrs. Dorer are stationed we have a branch of our service for rickshaw men," says the Chief Secretary for China, Colonel Paistra. "This consists of bringing around these poor, hard-worked fellows a cup of tea at various intervals of the day. At the conclusion of a recently held altar service at this Corps, after the Soldiers, Recruits and adherents had brought envelopes containing their gifts to the table, a man came up and said he had been deputed, by a number of rickshaw men to whom tea had been served, to bring a small donation given from their meagre earnings. They wished to show in this way their gratitude for The Army's kindness to them."

KOREA

At the close of a lecture on the drink evil given by Lieut.-Commissioner Stevens in Hai Ju, Korea, where a large crowd was present, every person in the building, including the policeman at the door, promised to abstain from the use of intoxicants.

AUSTRALIA

An encouraging number of influential friends of "The Army" were present at the opening ceremony of the new Enticott Home at Marrickville, Sydney. Sir Elliot Johnson, K.C.M.G., until recently the Speaker of the Federal Parliament—declared the building "open for the care of the lonely and aged." After the inspection, opinions from the distinguished visitors were unanimous regarding the splendid equipment of the Home, which will be known as 'Booth House.' Several leading newspapers have made cordial reference to this further indication of The Army's concern for the helpless and needy.

Maria, the youngest daughter of Commissioner and Mrs. Whatmore, has entered the Sydney Training Garrison. Since arriving in Australia she has rendered excellent service as a Divisional Company Guard, a Staff Songster and a Corps Primary worker. Ninety-two Cadets comprise the present Training Session for Eastern Australia.

ICELAND

Voluntary Quarantine

Typhoid fever seized a home in a small village in Iceland and the physician was unable to secure some one to act as a nurse. He called The Army Headquarters on the phone and one of the women Officers went to be quarantined with the patients that she might care for them. This was before Christmas and her Christmas celebrations took place in the quarantined home, with the invalids. The patients recovered and the Captain was released, but the doctor wrote as an appreciation: "It was a severe case of typhoid, but the Captain came and showed the world that self-denial is still the spirit of The Army."



BR. COLUMBIA



CANADA



P.E.I.



ALBERTA



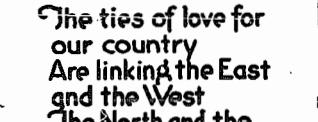
DOMINION DAY



NOVA SCOTIA



SASK.



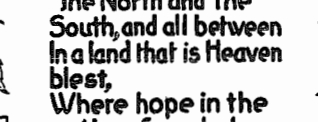
The ties of love for our country Are linking the East and the West The North and the South, and all between In a land that is Heaven blest, Where hope in the nation, founded On deeds of the present and past, Shall blazon with undimmed splendor For as long as the earth shall last.



N.BRUNSWICK



SASK.



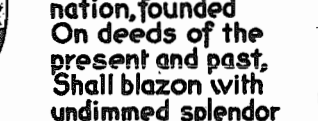
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N.BRUNSWICK



SASK.



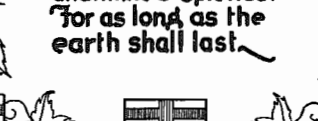
The ties of love for our country Are linking the East and the West The North and the South, and all between In a land that is Heaven blest, Where hope in the nation, founded On deeds of the present and past, Shall blazon with undimmed splendor For as long as the earth shall last.



N.BRUNSWICK



SASK.



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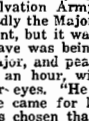
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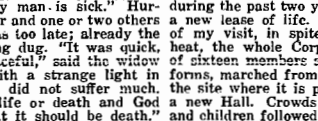
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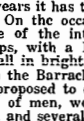
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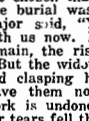
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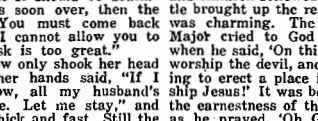
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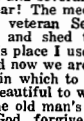
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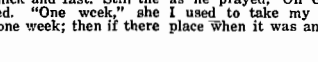
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N.BRUNSWICK

It was in the Kentish town of Ramsgate, England, that Staff-Captain Church was born. His boyhood ambition was to be an Editor, but his first attempt to reach that goal was not very encouraging. After a three weeks' trial in the office of the Tunbridge Wells "Advertiser" he was told that he would never succeed at that kind of work. Seeking pastures new he began to study for the civil service and after successfully passing the examination was appointed to a clerkship in the London Post Office.

Two years later he was seized with a desire to "go soldiering," the glamour of military life casting such a spell over him that he resigned from his position and enlisted in the Royal Artillery in the hope that he would be sent to Egypt to take part in the Sudanese War which was then mooted. In this way he was appointed for service in Malta, he was kept on garrison duty for three years.

It Happened at Malta

During his term of service on the Island the whole course of his life was altered. A ray of light shone through a cloudy sky, and for a long time he had been groping for the truth. One memorable night, after attending a Soldiers' Mission Meeting, the Light came to his soul, and from that moment Christ became a living reality to him. He could stand for God and though he knew nothing of The Salvation Army and its ways up to that time, he manifested the spirit of a real Salvationist, button-holing his fellow soldiers about their souls, holding prayer meetings in barracks, and giving his testimony in season and out of season. This brought him much ridicule from the ungodly but he held on to God and had the joy of seeing many in the regiment become followers of Christ. He accepted the post of Secretary of the local Soldiers' Christian Association and directed quite a warfare against the forces of evil around.

One night he arranged that the members of the Association should visit The Salvation Army Naval and Military Home. A red-hot meeting was in progress when they got there, and the desperate earnestness of The Salvation Army Leaguers made a deep impression on him. A godly and devoted Officer—Ensign Souter, now Lieut.-Colonel Souter of West Africa—was in charge of the Home at that time, and largely through his influence Staff-Captain Church was convinced that his place was in The Salvation Army. He was duly sworn in and soon after was appointed a Brigade Sergeant. "War Cry" booming in the canteen, noon-day prayer meetings, and big Salvation gatherings in the hall at night now became his delight, and some of the worst characters in the regiment knelt at the penitent form and became new creatures in Christ Jesus. Several of the converts of those days became Missionaries in various parts of the earth.

Evidence of Changed Outlook

The outbreak of the Boer War kindled hope afresh that he would be sent on active service, though he desired it now for the increased opportunity it would give him to win his comrades over instead of being ambitious for military glory. But orders came for Bermuda instead, and he found himself assigned to the somewhat dull duty of guarding Boer prisoners.

The opportunity presented itself for working for God in the little Corps of St. Georges, and he threw himself into it with all his heart. He was appointed Young People's Sergeant-Major and loyally co-operated with the various Officers who took charge of the Corps from time to time in instructing the children and winning them for God.

After six and a half years' service with the Colors he was transferred to the Bermuda Dockyard Police. Later he sought civil employment in Hamilton, Bermuda. The call to Officership in The Salvation Army now became louder and imperative. He had not been free to offer himself as a Candidate before, but now that the way

Canada West's Editor Designate

Staff-Captain Sidney Church is well equipped by experience, disposition and spirit for the post which he is to fill, and is splendidly partnered by Mrs. Church.

Sidelights on an interesting life—What the new Editor was doing when he met The Salvation Army—He comes to the West to realize his boyhood's ambition.

was open he felt that God was prompting him to take that step.

In 1905 he arrived in Toronto to be trained as a Salvation Army Officer. Training days were happy ones, crowded with work for God and full of precious memories. His first appointment was to assist Colonel Gaspin in the Field Department at The Editorial Headquarters. Various contributions to the "War Cry," however, marked him out as a prospective Editorial man and in 1906 he received his appointment to assist in the Editorial Department at Toronto.

He little thought that he would spend so many years in that one Department, but seventeen years have rolled round since he first entered it. They have been years of happy serv-

warning or entreaty and invite them to The Army meetings, and many had cause to bless God that she ever came their way.

One instance stands out with particular vividness in her memory. Entering a certain saloon one day whilst "Cry" booming, she was so overcome with sorrow at seeing two backsliders at the bar that she dropped her papers on the floor and burst into tears. The two men looked ashamed of themselves, and leaving their beer untasted were about to slink out of the saloon. But the little "Cry" bomber put herself in their way and insisted that they should accompany her to the Army Hall and get right with God that very night. They looked at each other. "Let's do what she says, Bill," said

with shrewd common sense and a firm belief in the power of God to save, fit and equip her for work of this sort, which necessarily is much "behind the scenes," but nevertheless is of incalculable value to the progress of God's cause.

During her residence in Toronto she was the means of helping many persons. Through a simple act of kindness to a neighbor's child, the whole family were won for God and The Army. To do her duty first is her constant aim and she finds great joy in bringing up her two children—Margaret and Winnifred—in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, supplementing her own training her husband and radiating cheer and good will to all around.

Lt. Colonel Sandall's Appreciation

"I am delighted that you have given me the opportunity of writing a few words of appreciation of my old friend and comrade, Staff-Captain Church, writes Lieut.-Colonel Sandall of New York to the Editor. "First I would do so from the personal standpoint. During my term in the Editorial chair at Toronto he was in the truest sense of the word a comrade, and friend whose loyal co-operation I could count upon not merely because it was his duty, but because it is his nature to do his best with whatever he might be engaged.

"He has had many years' (seventeen I think it is) at the sub-editorial desk, and has therefore a practical acquaintance with the details of the department which will be invaluable to him now that his leaders have given him this move up. He has good journalistic instinct; that is, he can "smell" a good story a long way off, and is indefatigable in following it down.

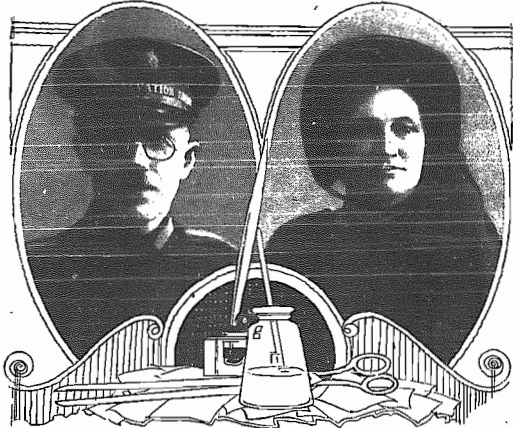
"One of the 'stunts' he pulled off during our term together was when I commissioned him to get hold of his namesake, the redoubtable "Tommy" Church, then Mayor of Toronto, and get from His Honor a statement as to how he thought The Salvation Army could do more to assist the community. He succeeded in his mission and turned in a page of useful and interesting matter.

Editor's Favorite Recreation

"The Staff-Captain's most favored recreation is the writing of a serial story. His own career has embraced a wide variety of experience and if anyone wants an evening's entertainment, they have only to get him to reminisce on his service as a bombardier in the British Army in various parts of the world, and his adventures later in the United States. This stands him in good stead when describing people, places and events. Many readers will recall the serial stories that appeared in the United War Cry under his nom de plume 'S. A. Kirkcaldy'.

"As to the spirit of the man, one word sums it up—Salvationist. He is in for doing his best for God and souls on The Salvation Army Plan, and Mrs. Church is one with him.

"The West is getting an Editor, then, who is well equipped by experience, disposition, and spirit for the post he is to fill, and I am sure you personally may be happy in feeling that he will carry on the work you are leaving in a way that will be gratifying to all concerned."



ice for God and humanity, years of training and development along Salvation Army lines under various Editors of ripe experience. Thus by the help of God he has at length been able to realize his boyhood ambition and come to Western Canada as an Army Officer.

Mrs. Church has given twenty-three years' service to The Salvation Army as an Officer. Born at Burnley, in Lancashire, England, she was brought to Canada by her parents while still an infant. The family settled at Windsor, N. S. and in this town little Margaret Holden spent her girlhood days. When The Salvation Army opened fire there she was attracted by the bright, free, and happy religion presented and it was not long before she sought salvation and became a Junior Soldier. She specifically developed into an enthusiastic and earnest worker in the Corps and in due course became a Corps Cadet and then a Candidate.

"War Cry" selling was her special delight and her weekly visits with the paper were looked forward to by an ever-increasing number of customers. No doubt her bright words of cheer and greeting and her readiness to sympathize and help were the main factors in her successful booming of the "Cry." Sometimes she would come across old people who were sick, and would promise to return again with her auto-harp and sing to them. To others she would address words of

one. "All right, Jim, I'm willing." So off up the street went the trio.

They arrived at the Army Hall and the two men sat in a back seat. Their vigilant little guardian kept near them, and when the time came for decisions to be made she went up to them. "Come on, now," she said, "right up to the penitent form." And, holding their hands, she marched up the aisle with them and landed them safe at the mercy seat, where they got gloriously converted and gave good service after in the Corps.

Her interest in the spiritual welfare of the people has not diminished any with the passage of years and she is still an ardent seeker of souls. As a "fisher" in prayer meetings and personally dealing with troubled, anxious people, she finds a sphere of labor for God wherein she can be very useful in extending His kingdom. Her service as a Field Officer was marked by a conscientious devotion to duty, an uncompromising acceptance of hardships when such had to be borne, and a careful shepherding of the Soldiers and converts. She did splendid service in many Corps in the Maritime provinces, in Bermuda and in Ontario where she is remembered and loved by many.

In 1910 she married Captain Church and accompanied him to England that same year, when he went to take part in a Staff Lodge Session.

Her sympathetic nature, combined

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska
Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Commissioner Henry C. Hodder,
317-319 Cochrane St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial Communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada
West by The Farmer's Advocate, of Winnipeg,
Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside
Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

COMING EVENTS

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HODDER

Moose Jaw Sat. & Sun. July 14, 15
Brandon July 16

MAJOR GOSLING

*Regina I July 1
Shaunavon July 7 & 8
*Indian Head July 14 & 15
* Mrs. Gosling accompanies.

MAJOR LARSON

Innisfail July 8 & 9
Red Deer July 10
Burnt Lake July 11
Everts July 13 & 14
Lacombe July 15 & 16
Clive July 17
Ponoka July 18
Waskiwin July 19
New Sweden July 20
Malmö July 21-23

STAFF-CAPTAIN BRISTOW
High River July 12
Macleod July 13
Coleman July 14 & 15

THE EDITOR DESIGNATE

THE new Editor, Staff-Captain Sidney Church, who is due to arrive in Winnipeg on July 26th, will continue to the Western hub with a ripe experience of seventeen years' service in the Editorial ring. He is a six-footer, possessing vision and a large love for souls. He has a big heart and a sympathetic and affectionate nature, is ready to console or cheer along, and knows what it means to have confidence. His Salvation is real, and in him one meets a thorough Salvationist. He works assiduously at his God-given post and counts no sacrifice too severe to secure good news for the "War Cry." During his term in Toronto he has given several serial stories to the "Cry" readers which have been set forth in an interesting and striking form.

One cannot but conclude that his work is always done in the spirit "As unto the Lord" and although not possessing as boisterous a nature as some, in quietness and confidence he "lods on and from his life an influence of sweetness and richness radiates.

He has his own quaint and delightful way of putting things, and there is such a cheeriness about it that it is not surprising to know that a number of weekend campaigns claim his attention.

All these characteristics are his because he loves God with all his heart and day by day seeks to do something to extend His kingdom. An intimate association with the Saviour keeps his first consecration fresh, and the development of character has been marked from the initial transformation up to now.

Like all "wise men" he leans upon his wife, who has been an Officer for many years. Mrs. Church is a strong support and unsparingly encourages the Staff-Captain in his endeavors.

As a team of Salvationists, Canada West Territory will possess two splendid Officer-comrades and the welcome they receive will be amply repaid by a robust and happy service.

'THE BRIGHT OUTLOOK' AMPLY JUSTIFIED BY

Our Leader's Cheering Pronouncement

Concerning results following his business visit to International Headquarters

All is well with The Salvation Army in the Homeland: Big Schemes for Canada West Endorsed: The Urgent Need of Money: Every Salvationist and Friend called upon to help to limit of ability

OUR Territorial Leader is with us again, and well we know it! Only a week has elapsed since he detrained from his long journey, but the days have been thick with rapid and important events; including a truly up-



Things are going well with The Salvation Army in the Old Land. From whichever standpoint judgment is made progress is apparent, and what particularly impressed our leader was the sight of the "Younger Army" which is developing with such strength and promise. The great Alexandra Palace event not only thrilled, but enabled him to make a comparison between the past and present, for he was privileged to attend the first A. P. Day in Army history. The music of the Bands and Songsters was indescribably wonderful; other demonstrations, social and missionary, were equally so, but most telling of all, to the Commissioner's mind, was the great Trophy Meeting when modern miracles of grace bore testimony to the power of God to regenerate. Then the Bandmasters' Councils, conducted by The General, were seasons marked by the Divine Presence. Think of eight hundred Bandmasters—qualified musicians—ranging in position from dockers to doctors—gathered under one roof, one in aim. Think of what they represented in toil, ability—and man-power. Is it any wonder that they extracted from The General his best? Is it any wonder that he gave it unstintingly? Is it any wonder our Territorial leader was stirred to the depths of his soul? Next came the Albert Hall fixture. That mighty auditorium, pride of London, was packed to capacity for a demonstration which beggared description. If anything, it was too full of wonder; a carnival of living marvel! Salvation Army effort—from the cradle and almost to the grave—was presented in vivid pageantry.

But all this is about Salvation Army happenings on and in that little island called Great Britain. You want to know what the great journey undertaken by our leader has meant and will mean for this great West. This can be summed up in four short words. "A GREAT FORWARD MOVE!" An enlarged Territorial Headquarters is a certainty; Grace Hospital is to get, and to get at once, its much needed extension; the site for the new Training College has already been secured and building will commence early next year. So much for Winnipeg. Now for Edmonton. Get ready to shout! The old No. 1 Hall, long outgrown by our splendid premier Corps in that fine city, is to be sold and a new and worthy Citadel is to be erected. Further a new Men's Social Institution, of requisite size and equipment is also to grace Alberta's proud capital. A new Men's Social Institution is also to be secured for Regina, and the needs and claims of our Young People's work in all parts of the Territory are to be studied—AND MET!

No small amount of interest was evinced by The General in our work

amongst the natives in Northern British Columbia and Alaska, and the Commissioner plans to visit this far Western portion of his command in August with a view to important extensions in the matter of schools, halls and the appointment of an increased number of Officers to labor for the Salvation of the Redskins. Although little is said in our pages concerning Staff-Captain Jaynes and his courageous band of Officers and Envoys who keep the Flag flying high, our forces are all the time increasing not only in numbers but in influence. But the great need—as everywhere in purely missionary circles—is money!

The Commissioner found not only a very evident sympathy on the part of The General with this particular branch of our work, but a very gratifying readiness to help where possible. "But," said our leader as a sort of an aside, "the claims upon The General's sympathy and The Army's coffers, of which he is the custodian, are more than tremendous! In fact they are so great as to be inconceivable; so enormous as to be impossible of being fully met."

As the Commissioner pointed out, it is easy to plan big things, but the materialization of such requires big money, and that is just where our Territorial Leader speaks directly to you, reader. If The Salvation Army in this West is going to be what it ought to be, if it is going to be what conditions demand that it should be, the schemes outlined and others still in fluid condition, must be brought to fruition, and this will necessitate all hands being on deck. No one must shirk responsibility. Not only must there be a willingness to get money from others, but there must be a readiness to give—and give until it hurts—on the part of every true Salvationist and friend.

One of the choice items of news which our Territorial leader has broadcast since his home-coming, has reference to the impending visit of our beloved General, whom we are so grateful to learn is in good health and spirits, as is also Mrs. Booth.

The General, who is booked for a great campaign in Japan and China in the Fall of the year, is travelling to the Orient via Canada. The memory of our Great Leader's previous visit is still vivid, and it is predicted that he will get a welcome surpassing even that accorded him previously—and some folks on that occasion went so far as to state that the series of receptions given him could not be exceeded. This time the people of Brandon are to see and hear The General, and the fortunate residents in Moose Jaw are to have him for a full Sunday. Already excitement is intense, and these two cities are out to set up new records.

lifting Spiritual Day at the Training Garrison, a most illuminating gathering with Officers, Field, Staff and Social in the city, the dedication and commissioning of fifty new Officers, and tonight, Thursday, he is to conduct the wedding of Ensign Arne Lekson and Ensign Lizzie Cox.

It has fallen to the lot of few leaders to win, in so short a time, the respect and affection of those under their direction. By virtue of deep sincerity, a readiness to listen to others, judgment that—while serene—is not unduly suspended, a high quality of personal religion and driving power of no small compass, he has justified our highest hopes.

When he left us eight weeks ago "To see The General" we sent him off in great style and in great faith. Our prayers followed him, and as the days drew near for his return we found ourselves just full of glad anticipation, and on the evening of June 21st a company of us gathered at the C.P.R. depot to greet him, and if we did raise a shout that made some folk look up and take notice, well, it was justifiable.

The following morning saw him hunted, if not haunted, by journalists, and before the day was out lots of folks knew that he had been almost, if not quite, a hundred per cent. successful in his great undertaking. Or course The War Cry comes in for its share of the news, and here are some of the things gleaned by its representatives:

FIFTY CADETS DEDICATED, COMMISSIONED and APPOINTED

COMMISSIONER HODDER IN COMMAND

Supported by MRS. HODDER, the CHIEF SECRETARY and Staff

Imposing Events in Winnipeg Citadel and Board of Trade Auditorium

Motor Chariot Dedicated for Service in Rural Districts

Lieut.-Colonel Phillips

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Phillips

THE DEDICATION of the 1922-23 Session of Cadets, on Tuesday afternoon, June 26th, in Winnipeg Citadel conducted by the Commissioner, was a particularly inspiring and impressive event. Prompt to time our Leader stepped on to the platform and following an inspiring rendering of a well-known song of praise and power, Mrs. Brigadier Whitley and Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Morris in turn invoked the Divine Presence and thanked God for the young men and women about to step out into a field offering great opportunities.

Our Territorial Leader then announced the performance of a duty which he stated was not quite so pleasant as that of dedicating the Cadets. He referred to the farewell of Major and Mrs. Taylor. Calling upon the Major to speak, the Commissioner mentioned the service rendered by him as Editor of the Western "War Cry" and "Young Soldier." The Major re-declared his love for The Army and his determination to ever represent, worthily, The Flag under whose folds he had been born. Referring to his appointment to the Territory about two years ago, the Major thanked God for the advance that had been made from the difficult and somewhat discouraging outlook of the first days and also mentioned the splendid help rendered "The War Cry" by Officers generally, speaking specially of the number who had written for its pages.

In presenting the Cadets to the gathering, drawing, for the benefit of the assembled Cadets, a picture of her first appointment to a village Corps in England. She spoke very feelingly of the fact that her parents had dedicated her to God when a child and stated that her services had been rendered ever faithfully since that time. A ripple of amusement was caused when, speaking to the Cadets, she said: "Our positions are similar in that we are farwellling, but with this difference—the Major and I know where we are going, but you do not."

Several scripture portions were read by Mrs. Commissioner Hodder to which were added some pointed comments. She urged the Cadets, so soon to be commissioned, to be fully armored for the warfare to which they were pledged and to be prepared for the days when they would not have the friends and care that were theirs during Training Days.

In presenting the Cadets to the Field-Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Phillips announced to the audience that through the mercies of God and the able assistance of his staff he was able to hand over his charges in good condition of health. Material comfort as well as the best possible spiritual help had been provided. The principles which had been inculcated into the Cadets were based upon sound doctrinal teaching and a solid foundation had been laid for the future. They are ready, declared the Colonel, to go anywhere.

The Field Secretary thanked the Training Principal and his staff for their care of the Cadets and offered words of helpful advice to the young men and women who were now "ready for instructions." Congratulating them upon their choice of life's work the Colonel said they would soon have ample opportunity of putting into practice all that had been told and shown to them during their eight months' stay in the Training Garrison. "Dependableness," he said, "must be your strong point."

In solemn manner the Cadets rose and repeated the Dedication Vows in unison. One felt that this sacred moment would be remembered when they were out on the Field, some perhaps in hard, lonely places. The memory of the vows taken would strengthen them.

The address delivered by the Commissioner was one of mingled praise and gratitude for the virtue, manhood and womanhood assembled before him. "Presently," he said in impressive tones, "you will go out in the name of Christ to serve humanity." Charging the Cadets to be true, the Commissioner impressed upon their minds the importance of their positions as Officers. "Many things you have laid aside which before were counted by you as legitimate pleasures. Such sacrifices, however, will bring you the inestimable joy secured in and through the winning of souls. Keep God first in your hearts and the reward of truth." He suggested that every Cadet should strive to win one soul during the first week in their Corps.

An animated scene presented itself to the large audience which gathered in the Board of Trade Auditorium at night. Lined up at the rear of the platform, occupying an elevated position, were the Life Saving Guards and Scouts in their natty uniforms. On the platform itself were the No. 1 Citadel and St. James Bands with their bright, shining instruments discarding melodious selections alternately as the people took their seats. The Audi-

torium was gaily decorated with plants and bunting of all colors. Hither and thither members of the Life Saving Guards flitted in and out amongst the crowd selling the blue programs, and a rattle of staves proclaimed that a detachment of the Scouts was somewhere around. But where?

On the Commissioner taking the platform, the Citadel Band struck up a stirring march tune, and from the rear of the building came the sound of tramping feet and, as the audience gazed around, a detachment of the Life Saving Scouts headed by the Leaders swept into view. They marched down the centre aisle and finally came to a halt at the foot of the platform where they stood at attention. Vigorous handclapping met the appearance of the Cadets who, led by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips and the Training College staff, marched sprightly to their places on the platform. The women Cadets wore white sashes and the men Cadets Army Colors pinned to their breasts.

As soon as the Cadets were seated the Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Morris, prayed for the blessing of God upon the service, and the Commissioner, after the preliminaries had been dispensed with, requested that all present should "make themselves quite at home." He then called upon the St. James Band to open the program with the "Banner of Liberty" selection. This was splendidly rendered and heartily applauded. The Chief Secretary then read selections from the Scriptures, from Paul's Epistle to Timothy and also from the Book of Joshua where the promise is given, "As I was with Moses so I will be with thee."

The recitation of a poem composed by Cadet Ethel Allen was given by Cadet Lear with faultless diction. This item was loudly applauded as with a rapid salute and a quick turn the Cadet resumed her place.

The Training Principal was next called upon by the Commissioner to review the Session. Greeted with an ovation by the assembled Cadets as he stepped forward, the Colonel commenced his address with some interesting statistics. The Cadets were kept busy, every moment being carefully utilized. Twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-five War Cris had been sold by these energetic lads and lasses; 3,817 homes had been called at during visitation and 728 had been entered and prayed in. Then 823 open-air meetings—remember the kind of weather experienced between November and late April—and 690 indoor meetings had been conducted; sixty-four Seniors and thirty-seven Juniors had knelt at the mercy seat in the indoor meetings and two drumhead conversions had been registered. The Colonel also made reference to the great number of lectures and classes dealing with the Bible, doctrine, organization and other vital matters, and thanked God that he was able, unhesitatingly, to bear witness to the faithfulness, self-abnegation and loyalty of the Cadets.

Reminiscences by Mrs. Hodder, humorously presented, made an interesting five minutes on the program, while the parents of the Cadets who, though afar, were watching the progress of their children, were remembered by the speaker in her address. "The Cadets are intensely interested in this Commissioning," said Mrs. Hodder. "Heaven will rejoice, but Hell will be filled with dismay if every Cadet keeps true to the pledges this day made."

Then—a after a couple of musical items sandwiched into the program and rendered by the Citadel Band, chief of the two being the presentation of Lieut.-Colonel Ostby's majestic composition, "Grincheshorpe," conducted by Bandmaster Carroll in the unavowed absence of Bandmaster Henry Merritt—there came the real interest of the evening. The Commissioner stepped forward. He is an experienced hand in the commissioning of Officers and kept audience and Cadets a thrill during the next half hour. Many of the Cadets were personally known to him; he had sifted their "backings" and knew something at any rate of their potentialities.

Making a change from former years the commissioning was done in brigades. As each brigade was called upon by the Training Principal those comprising it marched forward and lined up before the Commissioner who then announced each Cadet's promotion to the rank of Probationary Lieutenant and appointment. It was an exciting time.

This side of the Commissioning having slipped into history, the Commissioner delivered an impressive charge to the newly-appointed Officers. These enthusiastic warriors clustered around The Flag, fringed by an array of Officers, Bandmen with their shimmering instruments and an imposing company of Life Saving Scouts and Guards, presented a scene for memory. As

(Continued on page 11)

OUR COVENANT

By Lieut. Ethel Allen

WE, THIS DAY, have covenanted
With our Maker, to be true
To the teachings of the Master
In our thoughts and all we do;
We have vowed to follow Jesus
And to follow ALL the way!
Be the journey hard and lonely,—
Strength HE'LL give us day by day!

We, this day, have covenanted
In the presence of you all
That we'll LIVE and DIE for Jesus
That we'll answer to His call!
That our time and ALL our talents
Faithfully for Him we'll use
In the spreading of the Gospel;—
Those GREAT tidings! That GLAD
news.

Yes! We've promised on our honor
'Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue,
That though all the world forsake us
To Christ's cause we will be true!
NOW we pray for GRACE to conquer
As we ask for STRENGTH to win
VICTORY over earth's temptations
Through the merits of our King.

With our Lord we've covenanted
And from it we can't draw back
Though the WORLD and FRIENDS op-
pose us,—
And the POWERS of HELL attack;
We have promised—and that promise
MUST and will be kept by us
In the strength of our Redeemer
Who is love and righteousness.



FOR OUR MUSICAL FRATERNITY

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT SERIES

NO 6: THE DRUM

Called to Higher Service

BANDMASTER DEACON, WINNIPEG VIII.

A MUSICIAN of no mean ability and a loyal Salvationist, our Comrade Bandmaster Deacon, has laid down his sword and baton to be received into the Land of Pure Delight.

Coming from the Old Land, where he was Bandmaster of the Sheffield No. V Corps—some three years ago, this talented Comrade attended No. 1 Citadel for some time, later transferring to No. VIII Corps, where he has been a help and means of blessing to all he has come in contact with, especially his Band Comrades. In connection with his Corps duties he was always to be found at his post.

Prior to his passing away, Bandmaster Deacon maintained a bright, steady experience, showing clearly that "around and underneath were the Everlasting Arms." He sent to the Comrades of the Corps, when almost on the verge of the river, this message: "Tell my Comrades that it pays to serve Jesus to the finish. I have proved it to be so." The Bandmaster also repeated the words of the well known Army chorus:

"It was on the Cross, He shed His Blood,
'Twas there He was crucified;
But He rose again and He lives in my heart,
Where all is peace and perfect love."

Coming to the last line but one of the stanza the dying warrior laid special emphasis upon the word "my."

The Funeral service was conducted by Lt.-Colonel Phillips, at No. VIII Hall, which was crowded with a sympathetic audience.



The Memorial Service held on Sunday, June 17th, was conducted by Ensign Psamore, who had visited our promoted Comrade frequently, spoke of the last days of his sickness and of his bright testimony, being fully convinced of the presence of the Master right to the very end. Captain Houghton of the Training Garrison sang "Promoted to Glory."

The Scriptures were read by Commandant Carroll, a portion being chosen from the last Chapter of Revelation, and Lt.-Colonel Phillips concluded the Service with an address in which he fittingly made mention of the realities of life and death, urging those who had not made their choice for eternity to do so even as the one over whose remains the Service was being held, had already done.

A group of a dozen employees from the Transcona Shops, where Bandmaster Deacon was formerly employed, sat in the audience. These had come to pay their last tribute to their old Comrade and, as a token of deep respect, had brought a large wreath. The music for the service was provided by the No. I and No. III Bands, Bandsmen of No. VIII acting as pall-bearers.

The funeral cortege made a very impressive scene as it wended its way along Portage Avenue, headed by the Band. The graveside Service was conducted by Lt.-Colonel Phillips, assisted by Staff-Captain Habkirk.

The Memorial Service held on Sunday, June 17th, was conducted by Ensign Psamore, the crowd which gathered being a large one. Bandmaster H. Merritt, of No. I, who was related to our promoted Comrade, was present and paid a high tribute to his late brother-in-law's memory. Corps Sergeant Major Donaldson, also spoke of the sterling life which the late Bandmaster had led, together with the excellent example set by him.

Acting-Bandmaster C. Donnelly sang with his wife, a duet, entitled "Only Remembered," which was feelingly rendered. The Band composed of members of No. I and No. III Corps, rendered the selection "Promoted to Glory."

At the conclusion of the lesson read by the Ensign, Adjutant Dray took over the Prayer Meeting and the first seeker to be registered was the late Bandmaster's daughter. This made a very touching scene and four others knelt by her side, making ten who have sought the Saviour since the promotion to Glory of Bandmaster Deacon.

We earnestly bespeak the prayers of all for God's consolation to rest upon our bereaved Comrade, Sister Mrs. Deacon, and the children, two of whom are Army Young People, one a lad, being a Bandsman, and the other, a daughter, being a Life-Saving Guard Patrol Leader.

We cannot close this report without making mention of the very splendid testimony given by the Matron of the General Hospital—where the Bandmaster spent his last days—to the Christian fortitude, patience and complete resignation of our promoted Comrade.

'TO LIVE IN HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE'

Unique Festival

Presentation of rich Western musical and poetic talent by Winnipeg Citadel Band and Songsters.

ON the evening of June 18th, a Festival, unanimously voted one of the most memorable in Salvation Army circles in the West, was rendered by the musical forces of Winnipeg Citadel Corps. Interest extraordinary was introduced by the fact that the items of the splendid program, with but one exception, were western productions. For instance, Adjutant James Merritt, of Vancouver, supplied three numbers which were played by the Citadel Band in a manner worthy of such splendid compositions. Then Bandsman Percy Merritt, another outstanding member of the famous Merritt family, contributed a march and at least one of the persons who listened to its rendition—and a knowing person at that—considered it to be not one whit behind the efforts of his gifted brother. A selection of American melodies, arranged by Bandsman William Carroll, also won golden praise.

Of course, our old friend Envoys William Hawley was well represented by a couple of his well-known compositions; the male voice party giving a very pleasing presentation of his renowned "Which way are you going to take, Brother?" Pieces by Adjutant Otway and Deputy Bandmaster Edmondson, and Songster Leader Bob Lawson of Winnipeg Citadel were given fine treatment by the Songsters.

Variety was introduced into the program by Sister Turtle's recital of poetic efforts by Cadet Ethel Allen, Envoys Neill and Lieut. Margaret Straton.

The feature of the evening, however, was a most impressive rendering of the Festival number "Princethorpe" by the Citadel Band. Arranged by Lieut.-Colonel Ostby, of Sweden, this majestic piece of music simply held the audience spellbound, and at its conclusion it received the applause which excellent music excellently rendered merits.

Altogether, writes our Correspondent, this event was one which will be long remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present, and Lieut.-Colonel Phillips, the chairman, remarked in his closing words, "Salvationists of Canada West have every reason to be proud of the talent which is found within The Army's ranks."

NORTH VANCOUVER

Capt. Stenell and Lieut. Williamson

"We are a happy lot, full Salvation we have met. This is the secret of our happiness at North Vancouver. Our happy frame of mind was evidenced in a Musical Festival given by Vancouver III Band in the Methodist Church. A bright and happy program was given which was enjoyed by all who were present. Amongst the unusual items rendered was an organ and mouth-organ duet, bonus selection, and a number of pieces by the String Band."

Staff-Captain Foster made a cheery and genial Chairman—Cpr. "Bill."

THE drum is an instrument which has, perhaps, been more intimately connected with the destinies of man than any other. It is almost as old as man himself, and, whether its measured beat falls upon the ear of savage or cultured, there is something about it that causes the steps to quicken and the heart to beat in expectation.

It is said that the drum and tambourine are the only instruments used by the snow-bound Eskimo from Greenland to Siberia, and that its music accompanies all their actions. "Nothing is done, nothing is contemplated, without sounding the drum. If a person is ill, the drum is beaten; if he is well the drum is beaten; if the hunting and fishing are prosperous, the drum proclaims the fact; if death has robbed them of a comrade, the drum sounds his knell."

The Irresistible Call

However that may be, to the Salvationist there is something irresistible in the "Call" of the drum.

The drum (or tabor) in its earliest form was probably similar to a large tambourine, possessing only one skin-covered top. The ancient Egyptians, however, used the double-headed drum, and it is evident, from a specimen found at Thebes, that the skins were tightened by cords in a similar manner to that employed at the present time. It is certain that the Romans used the tabor, and by their invasions it was probably brought to this country. The drum seems to have received a better reception in Wales than in England, for it was in great demand in the Principality in connection with fast days, although the drummer, like the piper and juggler, received little for his services, being only paid one penny. For this he was frequently expected to supply the melody for the dance by playing, at the same time, on a whistle pipe.

The name "Tabor" is derived from the Spanish name "Atambor," by which the largest form of drums were known. In England the name was changed to drum, and the drum-beaters were recorded as "Dromslades," the Dutch word here being used. This instrument was later introduced into military bands. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the size of the drum adopted for this purpose was two feet in depth and two feet in diameter. This was hung at the player's side and beaten with two sticks on its upturned head. The bass drum made its appearance in our English music in 1781.

Owing to the size, this instrument was frequently fixed to the back of an attendant, the musician being left free to handle the sticks.

Origin of Kettle-Drum

The origin of the kettle-drum is no doubt Arabic or Saracenic. This species was originally known as "nakers," a corruption of the Arabic word nacarah, and were small hand-drums, with bowl-shaped bodies covered with skin, and were generally used in pairs. Kettle-drums were probably carried into battle by the Crusaders, but the earliest English record of them is in connection with King Edward I's minstrels in 1304. The kettle-drum has also been introduced into the concert room, Handel frequently making use of a pair borrowed from the Tower. Berlioz, the French composer, made use of as many as eight pairs on one occasion.

JOY IN THE MIDST OF ADVERSITY

It is not always easy to be happy; but there is a Power which Triumphs over unkind circumstances

By Warwick L. Wall

A FAMILIAR chorus in regular use in Army Meetings says: "There is joy in The Salvation Army." And there is, as witness the testimony, not only of our own people, but of careful observers by the hundreds in many lands. In fact it would appear that the characteristic of the Salvationist is very outstanding, for it is most frequently commented upon.

Not Free From Trials
There may be some people who imagine that this capacity for enjoyment finds expression with ease. That is to say, that there is only joy in the life of the warrior who fights under the Blood and Fire Flag; that the sun ever shines on him; that all men speak well of him; and that trials are swept far from his path. But, of course, this could not be for all that is common to the lot of man comes to the Salvationist equally with this difference, however—he has One to whom he may take his anxieties; the great Burden-Bearer.

Still, there is a further difference, in some cases, though it is far from being in his favor. Sometimes, this smiling, overflowing cheerful spirit comes through circumstances which would dishearten the majority. It is of such that I am reminded by the title of this article.

First there springs to mind the case of a soldier in the Middlesex Regiment, a rough London lad with an awkward manner which was, however, his best side. Bob Pullen had an awful crime sheet when the battalion went to be stationed at G—. En route he had fallen foul of the regulations, and he arrived in total disgrace. Not only was he drunken, bad as that was, but he managed always to experience additional trouble when in that condition.

Looked the Part

Yet he was a good soldier. On guard he looked the part to perfection, as he marched to and fro with the precision of clockwork. His body was held according to the manual; his rifle in line as required; his "present" a picture. But if you accompanied the inspecting officer you would surely find that a button was gone from his shoulder strap—just rubbed off by the rifle—or some such thing, though he could answer any question on the orders regarding his beat.

"Just unlucky," said Bob's hopeless summing up, every time he was asked for an explanation.

"My best chance here is The Salvation Army," he declared, when his C.B. had expired and he was free for the first time since arriving at the station. And he took his way to the Naval and Military Hotel.

"Please sir," he said to the Officer in charge of the institution, "I want to be confirmed."

"Confirmed?" said the Officer looking puzzled.

"You know, like," said Bob in explanation. "I want to be confirmed, to be a Salvationist, a proper one!"

"Oh, you mean converted?" And that was Bob's meaning. And it was his experience, also, ere he left the Hostel that night. He had something more than a feeling; he knew, in that way in which we know things we cannot explain, that a burden had gone from him; that his spirit was free, most wonderfully; that a sense of gladness and laughter had come into his life where only anxiety and depression had been. It was veritable new life.

How the infantryman revelled in his new-found joy! How tenderly he told of it in shy confidence to his bosom pals. How he stared when they only gawped, and he wondered why they did not understand.

"Just you wait till the Commandant down at the Hostel explains it, boys," he said, "then you'll see it better!"

"Cate! us going near him," answered Jack Williams, his particular

chum, "If he can make you 'loopey,' small chance we'd have!"

One by one, introduced by Bob, three or four of the others came, and found the same source of joy. But whereas the others got on in barracks without finding any particular difficulty, Bob got into the way of trouble on trouble; and always for petty things. One evening, as the Commandant was continuing his round of visitation at the barracks, he looked in at the guard-room.

In the "Clink."

"Everything correct, sergeant?" he asked smiling.

"Looking pretty bad for one of your lot, sir," came the answer.

"My lot, why?"

"He's in the clink here. Like to see him?"

"Please, sergeant." The Salvation Army Officer followed the N.C.O. into the room behind.

Sharp Orders

"Quick march!" he ordered; they struggled forward. "Halt!" "Twos done." "About!" Again the reverse. "Disengage. Quick march!" The two sober men stepped out; the drunk collapsed on the ground. "Halt!" And so they were placed under guard for pretending to be drunk, and now all three lay in the guard-room together.

The Salvation Army Officer's explanation helped the two would-be friends of the drunkard, and they got off.

"If you can do anything for Private Pullen you'll earn our deepest gratitude," said the O.C. that morning in the orderly room, but it seemed Bob was fated to go through it, as he expressed it, for he was caught again and again, yet kept cheerful withal. This was his testimony in a Meeting held in the Hostel, one evening.

"One of our brothers has been say-

happy! I've just done seven days' C.B. for not having a clean bayonet-scarbard. It's one that simply won't clean. But I didn't say a word. That sergeant followed me about all those seven days with the dirtiest jobs he could find."

"Yesterday, to close it up, he made me scrub three filthy rooms, and I did the job with no more trouble than as if I was just walking round. My knees were sore, but I was as happy in scrubbing them as if I was just putting some coal on the fire for my own comfort. There I was saved I would have told him off and refused! See the difference it makes."

Quite another type of person was Dan Harris, "Old Dan," they called him at his work. He had reached a good age—fifty-five to sixty—before he sought Salvation at The Army Penitent Form. He had never lived in any sense outrageously, though he had never pretended to be good. Only at holiday times did he indulge in large quantities of drink, but he was always ready for his employment in the glass works.

Handling Deadly Poisons

"Old Dan" mixed the ingredients for the batch, sand, lime, broken glass, arsenic. It was always a marvel to him that he came to no harm from his promiscuous handling of the deadly poison. Everybody liked him until he got saved, and started to play the Army drum. Everybody feared to rouse his temper, in fact, before the great event, but thereafter the treatment he received, the insulting baiting was unspeakable, and unkind to a degree.

Possibly it was the effect of the arsenic, but his white hair was made much more noticeable by reason of his very youthful—I had almost said cherubic—appearance.

His face was smooth and pink; his cheeks shone like little apples under his eyes. His was an arresting face, and it was always to be seen wreathed in a smile.

One morning he went to its accustomed corner to look for his lunch, which he kept tied in a handkerchief. He was very hungry this day, for he had been so busy, on account of his assistant being away following a drunken spree, that he had not had time for breakfast. But though he searched high and low he failed to discover the bundle.

"Somebody having a game," he said. "They'll bring it back directly, and I'll eat it then; meantime I'll work, so as to be ready. It's all the same to me!" So he began to prepare another mixing. So many barrow-loads of silver sand, so much lime, so much glass, and "small amounts" of arsenic! There was the food in the arsenic barrel. The handkerchief was untied, the contents mixed with the deadly powder—and ruined.

"Old Dan" looked very serious for a minute.

"Fity to spoil good food," he said, "but it must be in the fire! First though, I'll say grace over it, and may the dear Lord satisfy my empty stomach. I believe He will!"

Looking skyward a moment, Dan waited while he felt that his prayer was heard, and then he went on with his work.

Joy in the Lord

In his Open-Air testimony on the next Sunday, Brother Dan spoke of the joy of the Lord which had filled him to utmost satisfaction even when he had had no breakfast and lunch. He did not explain this cryptic utterance, but certain young men standing in the crowd knew the interpretation and, grinning sheepishly, they turned away.

(Continued on page 11)

SALVATION ARMY

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"Bob!" he cried. "What's the matter, boy?"

"Just unlucky, Commandant," he replied, standing to attention. The sergeant laughed as the Commandant took an inquiry.

"Simulating drunkenness, sir!" he answered. "Worse than the real thing in our crush, sir!" But Bob's explanation made a different story. He had seen one of his former pals leave the canteen far gone with liquor and, joining another man, had tried to lead the drunken fellow to his barrack-room. As they crossed the square in the darkness of the evening, the regimental sergeant-major saw them, called them to a halt. Coming up behind them the R.S.M. shouted "About turn!" They floundered round until they faced the irate N.C.O.

ing it is easy for him now, and another says his mates won't do him a bad turn. Well, I can't say how it is, but I'm getting it very rough. The sergeant 'clicks' me for all sorts of things that he calls crime. Before I came to The Salvation Army I couldn't do anything really wrong, though I was drunk at least once a week.

"Called me over, he did, the other day and says, 'If you want to do a crime,' he says, 'do a crime; do a honest soldier-crime. Look at me,' says he, 'eighteen drinks on my sheet,' he says, 'and yet I'm a sergeant. You won't find none of this missing but-ton stuff on my record.'"

Catching Him Unawares

"But I'm trying to avoid them all, only he catches me unawares, everywhere. Still, I can say that I am

of INTEREST to WOMEN

AUNT JANET'S CONVERSATIONS

No. 10. By MRS. JOSEPH LYDALL, Edmonton



THE LIGHT OF THE HOUSE

IN considering your home, give a thought to the lighting of it, as with every house, it will be lit from within.

We remember that the chosen people had light in their dwellings, while those around were surrounded and paralyzed by Egyptian darkness.

Would you have light in your dwellings? Then remember the vision of the seer of Patmos concerning the City of God: "The glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Has the Light of the World been admitted to your heart? To your home? Is He received as the Lamb—not merely the gentle, meek-spirited one, but the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, whose Blood cleanseth from all sin? If so, well, for your home will then conform to the Divine will and pattern. "For see, said He, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee."

Home a Type of Heaven

God thinks in families (Paul deals with this profound subject in 1 Cor. 7, 14), but mark Noah, and remember that God's word to him was: "Come thou, and all thy house into the ark"; and again, at the Passover, we read the inspired direction: "A lamb for a house (note the inner spiritual significance of this statement); while the Philippian jailer, who was baptized with 'all his house,' is an encouragement to parents everywhere to claim the promises of God, both for themselves and those whom He has given them.

Home is truly a type of Heaven, but neither could be without Christ, and He enthroned.

Is He King of your life, mother? Is He crowned as Lord of all in your home?

"If home be the dearest place in the world," says one, "and Christ 'the Joy of Heaven to earth come down,' then to have Christ in the home is to anticipate Paradise above."

"So many homes," as our Founder has said, "are little better than a looking-glass stairway leading down to the Bottomless Pit; yet thank God, there are not a few that, with equal truth, could be spoken of as a kind of Jacob's ladder up which parents, friends and servants can all be seen climbing to the Eden above."

What kind of a home is yours?

If Christ is its inspiration, you will have all and abound—you will rejoice in Heaven on earth, and will daily strive to use your home for the winning of increasing numbers to the heavenly ideal!

If your home is of the other sort, let the Great Reconciler have first place; let Him cleanse and possess you, and then direct the affairs of life and home as He alone can.

Jesus will solve all the problems of your home life, for He is "the Light that never fails."

"MARGARET," said Aunt Janet, "has a house got a soul?"

Margaret looked up in astonishment as she echoed, "Has a house got a soul? Why, Auntie, whatever are you driving at?"

"Some have, child, some have; and immortal souls at that."

"I never heard anything so queer!"

"Ah well, houses—houses is a better word—

are just like people. For instance, sometimes in my journeyings I meet a lady, immaculately dressed; gown ultra-fashionable; made of material of the finest texture; feet daintily shod; nails manicured, hair beautifully groomed and marcel waved; eyebrows pencilled; lips rouged; face powdered and perfumed. But when you gaze into the cold, brilliant eyes, there is no tenderness, no truth. Affectation and artificiality are written as plain as a pike-staff over her whole appearance. If you were in trouble, or poor, or sick, such a person would be the last to whom you would go.

"Don't you think there are houses just like that too? They are washed—that is necessary—and dressed in the very latest fashion. They are polished and manicured, but they are artificial. Comfort? You can't be comfortable lest you crease the cushion or soil the carpet. Homelike? No! There is nothing homelike about them, they are too got up, too self-con-

scious. There is a frown written all over them for the little feet that will track in the dust; or the wee fingers that will somehow get so hot and sticky for the vagrant teddy bear that will persist in straying from the toy-box into the middle of the immaculate floor. The house is very beautiful, but coldly so: it has no soul, nothing in it that is immortal.

I have met other women who were beautiful. Not so much in fineness of skin and hair, neat and becoming apparel, admirable as these things are, but in the beauty of character which shone in love and truth from the eyes, rippled in good humor in the kindly curves of the mouth. There are homes just like that too. The warmth of a sincere welcome meets you at the threshold and draws you in. You enter to revel in a feast, a feast of love and sympathy and kindness. Faith, truth, and comradeship are there, singing and music, cheer and laughter. The rag doll and irrepressible teddy bear seem part of the family. That house, Margaret, has a soul, and I repeat it, an immortal one.

"Time may leave its marks; the framework may decay; furniture fall to pieces; hangings rot; but the soul of the home will pass from its earthly tenement to a Heavenly one, for love and truth and faith never die."

Thoughts on Child Life

THERE is a beatitude that says: "What is home without a mother?" and the next one is like unto the first, "What is home without a child?"

Many a home has been saved from the cold, loveless, profanity of a board ing home by the introduction of a child, either through natural birth or Christian charity.

If you try to build a house with plain brick, no matter how good the quality, you will soon find something needed to cement the brick together and give permanence to the structure. Child life is the mortar that warms cold hearts and cements them together, filling up the little vacancies between wills and between personalities.

Child life fills the vacancies in human hearts, fills vacant hours, and so makes the wall solid instead of leaving it to depend on mere human gravity to support it.

Child life holds back the tide of time and keeps life young in thought, in word and in action, just as the mortar

keeps out the elements and keeps the walls of the building from decay.

Associate with decayed lives and you will find your life withering and drying up. Associate with youth and flowers and green fields and your life current will leap and bubble and sparkle, and hope will fill your sky with sunlight.

To love children is akin to loving God and Christ. One can hardly see how the fires of hell's torment can ever take hold of a heart that loves children. There is an incombustible, indestructible element in it. The devil has done his greatest and most devilish work against childhood; therefore any one who loves children must logically be on the opposite side of the question from the devil.

The devil is against child life; therefore I am for it. The devil is trying to get his hands on childhood; therefore I must get my hand on them and get them away from the devil.

There are no Hills like the Home Hills

There are no hills like the home hills,

The hills our childhood knew,

There are no trees like the old trees

That by the yard door grew,

And reaching out protecting arms,

Above us seem to say,

"O you are safe, my little one,

For we are here to stay."

There are no days like the old days

—The days when we were young.

There are no songs like the old songs

By trusting mothers sung.

There is no book like the old Book,

Baptized with father's tears,

There is no God like the Eternal God,

Unchanged by passing years.

There are no rocks like the old rocks,

Beside the pasture bars,

With moss of green and moss of gray

All dotted red with stars.

There is no brook like the old brook,

That tumbled down the hill,

And met the river just below,

And turned the water mill.



The Home Corner

Conducted by E.M.T.

IN beating the whites of eggs in a warm weather, be sure to choose a cool place and put in a pinch of salt which will greatly hasten in bringing them to a snow.

An excellent summer drink to cool the blood is made by adding a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar to a glass of lemonade. The cream of tartar should be well stirred and then allowed to settle.

If you throw a piece of alum, about the size of a marble, into a bowl of water and wet the hands and face and any exposed part lightly with it, not a mosquito will approach you.

A sponge, soaked in water and placed on the house plant, will keep it fresh for a week, while the owner is away from home. The plant will absorb all moisture necessary to keep it in good condition.

It is time to get out the bamboo and wicker porch furniture and fix it up for the summer. Warm salt water and a stiff brush will work wonders with it. Polish with a soft cloth.

When you start a new ball of crochet cotton, write the number and make on the inside of the cardboard spool. As the cotton is used the labels always fall off and we soon have a collection of odds and ends about which we know nothing.

When starched clothes get wet on the line, let them remain there until dry; then they will be just as stiff as before the wetting.

If boiled potatoes are done a little too soon, lay a towel over the kettle, but do not put a tight cover over them as they keep in the steam and it makes them heavy.

Do not throw away tea leaves; collect them in a pail; pour over them some boiling water and leave for the hour. Strain and boil the brown liquid, which will prove a splendid cleanser for mirrors, glasses, or windows. It makes them shine like crystal. It is also the very best cleanser for varnished wood, doors, and furniture. Use it also for linoleum. Only a little should be put on the flannel. It cleans fine, better than water. Finish off by polishing with a soft duster, and you will have a polish like beeswax, but without the slippery surface.

WHEN TO STOP

"Go, break to the hungry sweet charity bread,"

For giving is living," the angel said. "But must I be giving again and again?"

"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through, "Just give till the Saviour stops giving to you!"

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(Continued from page 3)

- Pro-Lieut. Percy Harbord to Sub-Lieut. Deft.
- Pro-Lieut. Wesley Hranic to Norwood.
- Pro-Lieut. Magnus Johnrud to Special Work.
- Pro-Lieut. George Locke to Regina I.
- Pro-Lieut. William Leighton to High River, Alberta.
- Pro-Lieut. John Morrison to Special Work.
- Pro-Lieut. Manual Milley to Regina II.
- Pro-Lieut. James Neill to Special Work.
- Pro-Lieut. Hector Nyerred to Norwood in charge.
- Pro-Lieut. William O'Donnell to Winnipeg Social.
- Pro-Lieut. Roy Place to Peace River, Alberta.
- Pro-Lieut. Wm. Sullivan to the Citadel, Winnipeg.
- Pro-Lieut. James Stobhart to McLeod, Alta.
- Pro-Lieut. Eldin K. Tobin to Motor Van, Manitoba.
- Pro-Lieut. Wilkie Wiseman to Lloydminster, Alberta.
- Pro-Lieut. Alex Parkinson to Grande Prairie, Alberta.
- Pro-Lieut. Elsie Coxson to Wainwright, Alberta.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS:

- FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE
- Pro-Capt. & Mrs. H. Bowles, to Indian Head, Sask.
- Pro-Capt. & Mrs. F. Towers, to Weston.
- Pro-Lieut. Ethel Allen to T. H. Q.
- Pro-Lieut. Pearl Coombs to Hanna, Alberta.
- Pro-Lieut. Ruth Crego to Drumheller, Alberta.
- Pro-Lieut. Emma Dowkes to Kildonan Industrial Home.
- Pro-Lieut. M. Finnie to Special Work.
- Pro-Lieut. Alice Kenny to Grace Hospital.
- Pro-Lieut. Catherine Law to Virden, Manitoba.
- Pro-Lieut. Nellie Lear to Swan River, Manitoba.
- Pro-Lieut. Ethel Langford to Kenora, Ont.
- Pro-Lieut. Molly Moore to Grace Hospital.
- Pro-Lieut. Theresa McPeake to Special Work.
- Pro-Lieut. Beatrice Newbury to Juncos, Alaska.
- Pro-Lieut. Marion Neill to Grace Hospital.
- Pro-Lieut. Iola Partridge to Grace Hospital.
- Pro-Lieut. Alice Parnell to Special Work.
- Pro-Lieut. Lottie Renas to Anyox, B. C.
- Pro-Lieut. Edna Shortland to Special Work.
- Pro-Lieut. Adeline Quayle to Rainy River, B.C.
- Pro-Lieut. Mildred Weeks to Fort William, Ont.
- Pro-Lieut. Agnes Walker to Regina, Social, Sask.
- Pro-Lieut. Margaret Walker to Kam-sack, Sask.
- Pro-Lieut. Isobel Walker to Grace Hospital.
- Pro-Lieut. Percy Alder to Calgary Social.
- Pro-Lieut. Stanley Calder to Edmonton Social.
- Pro-Lieut. Louis Dove to Trail, B.C.
- Pro-Lieut. Chas. Edwards to Elmwood.
- Pro-Lieut. Albert Green to Vancouver Social.
- Pro-Lieut. William Hogarth to Kelowna, B.C.

HENRY C. HODDER,
COMMISSIONER

Comd't. McKie and Lieut. Roskelly cheerfully and enthusiastically work combined to make the recent Self-Defence Effort a good success. The Comrades did splendidly in spite of numerous difficulties and the financial depression.

The annual work of the Corps is still progressing and good times are being enjoyed. The work also is going ahead. Comd't. McKie enlisting 12 Junior Soldiers. This makes a total of 34 now on our Roll. We are in for greater victories.

Dedicated, Commissioned and Appointed

(Continued from page 7)

our Territorial Leader reminded them of the solemnity and sacred character of the vows of loyalty to God and The Army which they had made, the whole assembly was hushed into silence. His was a thrilling review of The General's expectations and his personal hopes for every one of them. It was an effective setting forth of the sacred obligations which were placed upon them as Apostles of Jesus Christ. "You must be as good as your teaching," he said, "and you must remember ever that you carry with you the honor of the religion of Jesus Christ and the honor of The Salvation Army."

Into his memorable dedicatory charge our Territorial Leader worked illuminating thoughts on Submission, Sacrifice and Service, and as a finale the course of instruction which the graduates of the 1922-23 Training Session received it was impressively powerful, as was also his prayerful commitment of them to God.

At a given signal, and from behind a screen, which had hidden it from public gaze, a Motor Chariot—the first of a predicted fleet of such vehicles to be used in an effort to evangelize lonely rural districts—was driven out spick and span in the freshness of its paint. Ensign Fred Mundy, who has been appointed to be the leader, was introduced to the audience by the Commissioner and stated that, together

with his charioter comrades, Captain Fugelsang and Lieutenant Tobin, he would give his very best to this particular work. The Commissioner then emphasized the specific nature of the work to be done by the Motor Chariot and its staff in bringing salvation and blessing to the outlying districts, and dedicated both it and the Officers to God.

No one could have witnessed this inspiring event without being profoundly stirred. Failing veterans felt again the tingling, impelling and compelling forces which made them throw themselves into the fray body, soul and spirit in the years ago; the hearts of present day active warriors were further quickened as they became conscious of the full significance of the sacrifice entailed by such a wholesale surrender to the will and purpose of God, and the hearts of many—between the ages of 18 and 26—were fired with new impulses for service. Every moment contained the germ of fresh revelation for some, and who will venture to estimate the radius of effect of the influence of this year's commissioning? It is worthy of record that the excellent scheme of decoration which certainly changed the complexion of the vast, unpretentious auditorium, was the creation and work of Staff-Captain Hector Habkirk, and his helpers.

Joy in the Midst of Adversity

(Continued from page 9)

Even so it took a more desperate case to beat Dan's opponents utterly. There had been a big delivery of sand at the works, and the laborers had stacked it up in a high mound near Dan's mixing shed; but they had done it in such a way as to leave a sort of cliff front which, when Dan came to collect his next mixing, collapsed upon him completely hitting him.

Fortunately the men had been watching to see the effect of their joke, and they rushed to dig him out. Soon he was clear of sand, and as he lay there, panting for breath, the shiny little apples beneath his eyes took shape as he said:

"God bless you, boys; you can't hurt old Dan. I've got a host of angels guarding me, all unseen, and the more you try to hurt me, the closer they gather round!"

"What's that you are saying?" asked the manager, suddenly arriving on the scene.

"I was saying 'God bless you', to these boys, sir," said Dan. "They dug me out!" But at that point Old Dan could say no more, for he had swooned

from the shock of it all. The men looking on thought he had died, because the smile was gone. And they said one to another:

"He spent his last words in blessing us and shielding us!"

Shone With Ecstasy

Old Dan was playing his drum as usual the next Sunday, when a larger number of the men from his work came on to the Open-Air to hear him speak. That night one of them knelt at the Penitent Form, and the Drummer's face shone with heavenly ecstasy as he went to kneel beside him to help him frame his first words of prayer for forgiveness.

They two "keep company" at that glass works now, and there are no further signs of opposition there. But the greater burden of the old glass-mixer is that his wife, whom he loves devotedly, steadily refuses to go with her. More, because he has turned from her way, she makes life hard at home for Dan. But he faces it all with splendid fortitude, nor says a word to a soul about it.

REGINA I

Adjutant and Mrs. Clarke

Our Band weekend on June 17th commenced, continued and finished with a fine spirit of enthusiasm, zeal and melody. Different members of the Band took part in conducting various items of the Meetings and while there was some face reddening of musical selections there was no lack of spiritual blessings, which were the first things sought after, and most essential.

At the closing Meeting of Sunday, one volunteer for Salvation graced the Mercy Seat. In addition to the Band's musical work at the Citadel, the Hospital was visited, where the inmates were wonderfully cheered by the music. The home of Mr. Y.P. Bond, who is being very ill, was visited also, and sympathetic music rendered. Minister Mrs. Bond was very much encouraged in her mission of blessing to those who have visited her in her sickness.

On Monday evening the Senior and Young People's Bands united with the Songsters in giving a most interesting program. Those who were present declared themselves delighted with the fare provided. The Y.P. Band especially did well and are to be congratulated on the progress made in so short a time. At the close of the Musicals, ice cream and cake were the subjects of attack.—Cor. J. S.

TRAIL, B.C.

Captain Herman

God continues to bless our efforts. Recently much interest was caused by the announcement of the Service entitled "An Austere Note of Children" to this Mountain. A splendid crowd assembled, filling the Hall. Among our visitors were a number of ministers, who took part in the gathering. The service was so well received that it was very strongly and made an impression upon the people which we hope will be a lasting one.

On a recent Sunday some anti-Slavery Meetings were held and from the Kneel-Drill in the morning to the singing of hymns in the atmosphere was charged with the power of God. One backslider came home to God.—H. J. C.

SASKATOON I

Despite oppressive heat there were good gatherings during the weekend of June 9th and 10th. Adjutant and Mrs. Junker were in command and were ably assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Healey Jones and Mrs. Ensign Jones.

The Outdoor Campaign, recently launched for the summer months, is proving a success. The campaign provides open air Meetings in the city's busiest avenues where most people are likely to congregate. In addition to the singing Band, the city has undertaken a visit to residential parts. The String Orchestra is proving an attraction at the Monday evening meetings.

Many splendid comments regarding the services of the Band have been heard from the citizens. The city has undertaken to the generosity of the local press we were able to announce these campaigns very extensively.

The Citadel Band participated in the event of June 17th when the opening of the new Next-of-Kin Memorial Avenue took place. The Citadel Band has undertaken in the memory of each Salvation Army soldier who died overseas. In addition to this a true respect for every society member who has been a member of which paid the supreme sacrifice during the Great War, has been planted. One of the most interesting features of the Citadel Band is that the Salvation Army is fully represented in this matter, also pay the planting of the memorial trees. The Citadel Band is the first of its kind in the Dominion. Information was sent out to Salvation Army Officers who served overseas, requesting their presence at this impressive service.

The Saskatoon Masonic Male Choir recently held its initial recital in the spacious Third Avenue Methodist Church, and kindly donated to the Citadel Band the sum of Twenty-five Dollars as a part share of the surplus proceeds from their musicale.—Doz. H.

Despite adverse weather circumstances there were splendid attendances at various Meetings throughout the weekend of June 16th and 17th.

The two Open-Air Meetings held on the principal streets of the city on Saturday evening attracted great crowds and we believe that much good will be the outcome of the messages sent forth on these occasions.

Sunday was a day attended with wind and rain. At a service of devotion The morning Holiness Meeting conducted by the Adjutant was a time of much blessing. The Adjutant was in command again at night and many of the Comrades, including Mrs. Ensign Jones, gave some straight Salvation talks. The Citadel Band participated in the service. The Citadel Band is the first of its kind in the Dominion. Information was sent out to Salvation Army Officers who served overseas, requesting their presence at this impressive service.

YORKTON

Ensign and Mrs. Smith

Sunday, June 10th, was a real "Hallelujah Day." The Ensign Shone and gave some powerful addresses. He dealt faithfully with the people who assembled in the Meeting and the service. There were three seekers come forward, one for consecration and one for salvation.

On Sunday, June 10th, we had another day of victory. Ensign Smith gave messages that were a real means of help to the discouraged and the weary. The Ensign Shone and gave some powerful addresses. He dealt faithfully with the people who assembled in the Meeting and the service. There were three seekers come forward, one for consecration and one for salvation.

CALGARY I

Commandant and Mrs. Hamilton

The Band has been giving extra service on Sunday afternoons of late, visiting the different Hospitals, Keith, Holy Cross, The General etc. These visits have been very helpful for the sick, many of whom, as at Keith, have been under treatment for months.

On Sunday, June 10th, a brother came to the Citadel, a brother came with a message from his friend, with whom, as he heard his end, he had been plotting. On Sunday, June 10th, a brother came to the Citadel, a brother came with a message from his friend, with whom, as he heard his end, he had been plotting. On Sunday, June 10th, a brother came to the Citadel, a brother came with a message from his friend, with whom, as he heard his end, he had been plotting.

Recent visitors from Lethbridge have been Sir John and Mrs. Ensign, and Mrs. Ensign, and Mrs. Bullock. Lieut. Eva Garrett is also home on furlough.

Our Comrades, Mrs. Martin and Belle, farewell. They leave near the Cross and will be greatly missed, as will also Mrs. Mercer and Duley.

Treasurer Blew has been laid aside. These weeks bring many changes in our little circle, all of which cannot be learned in time to chronicle.

Next week's Meetings bring decisions quite regularly, four coming out to-night. Though the adjutant Fullerton and adjutant Mackenzie gave hearty assistance to the Commandant.

Interest this week centres around a local Corps event, of which more will follow.—H.

PRINCE ALBERT

Ensign and Mrs. G. Mundy

Sunday, June 10th, was a day of blessing and victory. Despite the hot weather, the Comrades were full of Salvation fervor and zeal. In the morning Ensign Mundy and Treasurer Collyer conducted the service. The Ensign sang at the Provincial Choir. It was grand to hear nearly one hundred voices singing the old song of the Gospel, and at the close two men accepted Christ.

The Ensign and Treasurer also visited the Penitentiary and conducted a Meeting in the chapel where two hundred men were assembled. The newly formed "Prisoners' Choir" rendered excellent music.

In the singing of the grand old hymn, "Jesus loves me, where I am, and will be greatly missed, as will also Mrs. Mercer and Duley.

The night Meeting of Sunday was conducted by the Young People, led on by V. C. Sergt-Major Mrs. Salter, and at the close one sought the Saviour.

During the week-night Meetings four seekers came to the Penitent Form.

Our \$1000.00 Self-Defence target was smashed, and we thank God for victory.

INTERVIEW
WITH
THE COMMISSIONER

(See page 6)

THE WAPWICK

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

DEDICATION
AND
COMMISSIONING

(See page 7)

NO. 27. VOL. IV. (TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS)

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1923

(WINNIPEG, MAN)

PRICE FIVE CENTS



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriended, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address: ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St. Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking 'Enquiry' on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

3098—Hoe! Nicolai or Andresen. Age 49, widower, last heard from June 11th, 1912. Last known address was Box 228, Duncan, Vancouver, B. C.

3100—Daniel & Elzeas Millard. Ages 71 and 74, dark eyes, missing 32 years. Last heard of 15 years ago in Dawson City, Yukon.

3262—Howe, Albert "Reddy". Age 20, single, height 5'2", reddish hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, born in Huntsville, rather stooped and may be crippled with rheumatism. Last wrote from Imperial, Sask. Was also at Sunningdale, Sask., tenning wheat.



James Brooks

thought to be in Winnipeg.

3268—Jones, Charles Ernest. Last heard from in 1918 from Ligerwood, North Dakota, works on sea or land. Native of Avondale, Devonshire County, England. Dark complexion, may have something wrong with one eye.

3267—Gresbrecht, S. P. Age 19, height 5'9", weight 155, farmer, light brown hair, grey eyes, single, fair complexion, missing since May 13th, thought to be in Winnipeg.

3274—Martha, Thomas—Age 37, height 5', weight 180, was with mounted police at Willow Birch, Sask. Dark brown hair, blue eyes, good appearance.

3190—Welandar, Theodor Ludvig. Age 62, eyes grey, hair dark, missing since 1911, last address was Campbell River, B.C. Sister anxious.

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EDUCATION and SALVATION

By THE ARMY MOTHER

EVERYTHING nowadays must bow to the scholastic education of the children. Their very health is sacrificed in hundreds of instances; all the domestic arrangements, and the convenience of father and mother and visitors, must bow down to this god. The children must be educated, what else become of them?

It has sometimes been inferred that I am against education, whereas I have seldom talked with any one on the subject who was more profoundly impressed with its importance than I am! I adopted, many years ago, the sentiment of the philosopher Locke, who said that "in nine cases out of ten all men we meet are what they are for good or for evil, for usefulness or otherwise, by their education." I fully believe that, and have acted upon it in training my own family; so you see my quarrel is not with education, but with a kind of education.

I believe that a child ought to be educated every half-hour of its life—never ought to be left to itself in the sense of not having a recognized influence exerted over its mind. What, then, is the right kind of education to give the children? How ought you to educate them?

What should be the great purpose of education?

Surely the right education must be that which is calculated to help the child to attain the highest type of its kind, and to fit it for its highest destiny. You train your horse on that principle. You develop and strengthen it so that it may be a perfect creature, having capacity developed for the highest service of which it is capable. All right training ought to contemplate this end, and especially with respect to man, God's highest creature.

The main idea of modern education is the imparting of knowledge. Knowledge is the idol which both the household and the nation are now worshiping more largely perhaps than any other, as if progress in knowledge constituted the true progress of man! If it were so, what a different world we should have now; but we know it is quite the contrary. We know that the more knowledge you give an individual, without giving him a corresponding disposition to use it for good, the more you increase his capacity for mischief. Very often the most learned men live for the worst purposes!

Now I maintain that the chief end of education is not mere teaching, but inspiration; and if you fail to inspire your pupil with nobleness, disinterested goodness, truth, morality, for religion, not only are all the glorious ends of education lost, but you damn your pupil more deeply than he might have been damned without your education. Is it not so? Take some of your own sons as illustrations of this fact. God has given every child a tutor in his mother and she is the best and only right tutor for the heart.

I defy you to fill a proper mother's place for influence over the heart. If

God were to depute the angel Gabriel he could not do it. God has tied the child to its mother by such peculiar moral and mental links that no other being could possibly possess. If you are good mothers you are committing the greatest wrong to send away your child from your homes. God committed the child to its parents to be educated, not to the schoolmaster. You can employ the schoolmaster to teach his head—and even then you must be very careful what sort he is, or he will ruin the child. But God committed the child to the parents to be educated, trained—that is, taught how to feel, think, and act.

And it is to the mother especially belong the art and capacity to inspire her boy to love all that is noble and good, and disinterested and grand in humanity; and to keep on inspiring him until he is strong enough in gratitude and in love, and is strong enough in God's likeness and grace to walk alone. Just as you tend him when he is a baby, and will not leave him to strangers, so, while he is a moral infant, you are to watch and keep and train him until he is able to walk alone.

If All Were Sunshine
If our lives were one broad glare
Of unfaded, clear, unclouded;
If all our paths were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom obscured;
If all life's flowers were fully blown,
Without the sweet unfolding;
And happiness were widely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sunset?
Should we not long for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness?

If none were sick and none were dead,
What service could we render?
If I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender;
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation;
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

I think it was Fenelon who said: "The service of my family is more important than the service of myself, and the service of my nation is more important than the service of my family, and the service of humanity is more important than the service of my nation." That is my opinion.

This is God's idea of man's highest vocation. "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." If God's type of manhood had been a being crammed with knowledge to the exclusion of moral and religious sentiments, Jesus Christ would have been such a man, whereas He was the opposite. He combined all the tenderness, the sublime devotion, and the self-sacrifice of the woman with the intellect and strength of the man. He was God's model man. That is the type or type.

Therefore, for the sake of your children and your own grey hairs, I beseech you to see to it that you train and educate them in His likeness. Alas! I know many parents who are wringing their hands in anguish for the consequences of a false notion of education, and yet there are thousands more who are making the same experiment, to have the same results.

But, you say, "I must have this position and that position for my boy, not to countenance the use he will be to humanity and the good will bring to him, but because he will be a bigger man, having social position and influence."

Thousands have said that, and their sons have ended in being nobodies—idle, extravagant, spendthrifts, taking no interest in the training of their brothers and sisters, to keep their souls in their evil courses. Truly, "God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Grimsby, 33, G-Bb, Charming Name, 26

JESUS, the very thought of Thee,
With gladness fills my breast;
But better far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our greatest joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

FOR SALE

Besson four-valve Euphonium in silver, prize model, in first class condition, valued at \$125.00 to sell for cash at \$50, or nearest offer. Apply J. R. Craft, Lieut., Salvation Army, Coleman, Alta.

WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU

3201—Connor, Alexander MacDonald. Age 32 height 5'9", dark brown hair, dark complexion, married, farm hand. Missing since October, 1920. Last address was Truherne, Manitoba.

3239—Jensen, Inghart Theodor. Norwegian, single, age 38, height medium, dark hair, blue eyes, missing since 1908.

3247—Morton, George Henry "Reddy" Wood. Age 45, height 5'7", dark brown hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, chubby, born in Orillia. Has a mould on right side of cheek near chin, and also has a bad mark on right thumb.

2748—McGann, Catherine. Last heard of at 713 Ellipse Avenue, Winnipeg, 1920.

3238—Davis, Thomas, William, Alfred, Annie and Susan. Resided in Crofton, England, but went to Canada many years ago. This should meet the eye of any of the above, or relatives, please communicate. Brother enquires.

3202—Kaser, Edward—Age 37, single and has been living at Junkins, Alberta.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

PERSONS desiring an investment for their money are invited to place the same with The Salvation Army.

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